

to the King of France by a former Siamese King, and any one who has seen them will remember the exquisite embroideries, carvings, woods inlaid with pearl, and fretted metal, which fill this spacious apartment.

In Boston.

Judge.

The Reverend Rural Wayback (to street urchin)—Little boy, don't you know smoking is sinful? Who learned you the vile habit?

Swipesey Guttersnipe (puffing a cigarette)—Sir, the habit is no viler than your literacy; but, overlooking that, I will say that I taught myself.